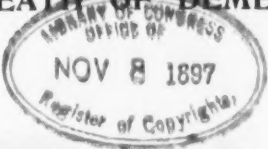


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"THE DEATH OF DEMÉTRI," in two parts, by the author of "Dodo." Second part in this number.



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LESLIE'S WEEKLY



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WITHIN AND WITHOUT DELMONICO'S.

At noon, when the men who are repaving the Fifth Avenue take their mid-day meal, seated comfortably on the sidewalk with soft stone cushions beneath them, the gay butterflies of fashion—the *jeunesse dorée* of the town—are taking breakfast, with champagne, in the famous restaurant. Here is a striking contrast, but apparently no envy or jealousy, for those on both sides of the plate-glass window seem to be quite content with their lot.

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The City Elections and the Death of George.

WHEN this paper goes to press the citizens of the greater New York will have selected their first mayor, and will have indicated to the world what kind of man they wish as their chief magistrate. As we have said before, the situation was, up to a few days before the election, baffling in the extreme, as it was a four-cornered fight, with two candidates against the bosses.

The sad and sudden death of Mr. Henry George removed a very uncertain element from the field, and the people were given a chance to vote against the bosses without embarrassment, as Mr. Low stood for everything, local or municipal in its bearings, that Mr. George represented. Every man who sincerely wished to record his protest against the sinister methods of Platt and of Croker had the chance to do it by depositing a ballot for Mr. Low.

By their votes we shall know them.

We have, in speaking of Henry George, always expressed our respect for his honesty, his unselfishness of character, his courage, and his ability. It was from his economic and political theories that we dissented. In this last campaign Mr. George thoroughly proved his courage. He said what no other public man in New York has cared to do—he expressed in plain words the opinion that decent people have of the bosses who have ruled and robbed this town. He said they were thieves and blackmailers, and that their proper place of abode was Sing Sing prison.

All honor to Henry George for his truthful words and for his brave, stout heart.

The Safety of Railway Travel.

ONE of the most fearful accidents in the history of railway travel happened about two weeks ago on the New York Central Railroad, nearly opposite West Point. Compared with many other accidents the loss to life was not great, as not more than twenty persons were killed. But the accident was nevertheless peculiarly fearful and alarming because it happened on the New York Central Railroad, which every one knows is a first-class railroad in every particular. Now, if accidents such as the one we have mentioned could happen on the New York Central it would seem likely that they might happen at any time on any road.

It will be recalled that a heavy passenger-train was on its way from Buffalo to New York, and just before day the passengers in the coaches felt two shocks, and the engine, the express and baggage car, and several coaches tumbled into the Hudson River, along the banks of which the tracks of the road were constructed. At the place of the accident the tracks were on an embankment. This embankment was forty years old, and had been maintained with all that care and skill could accomplish. And yet the embankment, for some cause not yet discovered, disappeared, with the sad results we have recorded.

Until experts in railway construction and maintenance report upon the physical condition of train and embankment, and so suggest or discover the cause of the accident, it would be useless for us to speculate as to that cause, as we could contribute nothing of value to the investigation now in progress. The sensational newspapers, of course, have not hesitated to solve the whole mystery, each one of them, by the way, arriving at a different conclusion. Only one of these conclusions seems worthy of mention, and that because of its utter stupidity. It has been charged that the officials of the railroad knew of the insecurity of the road-bed, but failed to better it because of the cost. Why, one accident like this costs a railroad more than many miles of tracks. This idiotic charge is based upon the idea that Mr. Depew and his associate officials are not only knaves, but fools. There is no need to answer such a charge.

But, after all, travelers need not have any increase of apprehension as to the security of railways. Traveling on first class American roads is as safe as sleeping in one's bed at home. On the particular railroad we have been speaking of, not a passenger was killed for more than a year previous to this disaster near West Point, and of the few who were injured the majority were hurt through their own fault and because they jumped off moving trains in defiance of the road's regulations. And during that year 23,166,483 passengers were carried a greater or less distance, the travel being equivalent to 689,764,624 passengers for one mile. Railroad travel in New York State and the regions near to New York City is as safe as travel can at present be made. So long, however, as we must depend

on merely human agency to construct and operate railroads the travel on these highways cannot be entirely devoid of peril, for men are fallible, and probably they always will be.

The Modern Politician.

RECENT contests in all the cities have simply demonstrated the general fact that the conscience of the people has to deal directly with a factor that combines the evil forces of the community against the common good. Running the business of a modern city is no more political than conducting a department-store. It is simply a matter of getting the most for the least money. Reliable testimony has shown beyond all doubt and cavil that of every dollar spent by American cities fully twenty-five—in some cases fifty—has gone into the hands or the campaign funds of the practical politicians. Their expectation and their creed have called for a share of the expenditures. From sewers to appropriations for the poor, their dirty hands have reached down for a share of the cash expended. And with but few exceptions they have got their percentages.

At last, through many trials and efforts, a new order has come to the front. Certain voters have demanded that a dollar of public money ought to do as much as a dollar of private investment. At this the politicians, who live like parasites off of the public, have strenuously demurred, but justice, although long and tortuous in its processes, has finally decided that the *quid pro quo* is as desirable in public operations as in private transactions. And this is the gain which has come to the people. It is a loss of income to the politician, but it is the final equation which makes right.

The politician will always be with us, but it is a great satisfaction to know that the politician of plunder must hereafter let the public purse alone. If he wants to pursue his calling he must turn highwayman or organize a trust.

About the Future.

SO wonderful has been the past that the future defies prediction. But we must recognize the fact that we are just on the edge of doing things. A prominent statesman says he no longer marvels; he simply expects. An old lady took a railroad trip for the first time. She promenaded through the cars and stepped out in a snow-bank. The train was stopped, and when it was backed to where she had landed her son said: "Oh, mother, why did you do this?" And she innocently replied: "My son, I thought it was a part of the proceeding."

And so the breaking of ocean records, the smashing of railroad achievements, and the miracles of building and invention all seem parts of the proceeding. We have had a big, crowded century, but we are simply beginning. It is a great thing to have lived in this generation, but the big times are to come, just as they were coming when the Scotch inventor of the railroad, in reply to the question as to what would become of the cow if she were on the track when the new-fangled invention came along, said: "It would be very bad for the cow."

The Value of Antiquities.

WHEN we see crowds of tourists running about to look at a tiny brook about which Wordsworth wrote a sonnet, and hotels filled by the fame of history or romance, we are impressed with the purely mercenary advantages which might be gained through the preservation of history's works or of natural beauties.

The commercial instinct which animates our great country lays a devastating hand upon everything that can be converted into dollars. If it is desirable to erect a business building, investors are not deterred by the fact that a historical structure filled with romance and interest occupies the ground. The building is doomed, and must give place to money getting.

New York is filled with examples of this, and the antiquarian has his heart torn by seeing his favorite buildings demolished. The destruction of the University buildings on Washington Square gave positive pain to the unobtrusive crowd of onlookers who had no right to interfere, but whose dearest memories of youth lingered about the buildings and the adjacent park.

Our old reservoir is soon to go, and small buildings of extreme interest are daily falling before the destroyer. That natural beauties are being maltreated, and even ruined, is a matter of frequent comment by those who are endeavoring through sentiment to save our forests, our great Niagara, and our Palisades.

The reason for the destruction of all these things is the getting of money. If they could be made profitable by continuing to exist, instead of being replaced by results of enterprise, perhaps there would be more hope of their preservation.

This is where Europe far excels America. A hasty trip through Great Britain and the continent shows that the Old World is a huge exhibition, a sort of object-lesson in history and romance. It is this which induces so many of us to go across the ocean.

The lakes of England where a certain school of poets thrived, the Trossachs, full of memories if stripped of poetic association, cannot compare with spots in our own

country almost unheeded and unknown. Dingy lanes and crowded streets in London exceed in interest those of our own city, because of the preservation among them of certain buildings around which history clings. All of these things attract the tourist, and the tourist is ever willing to part with his money for the sake of seeing them.

Would it not be possible to make profitable the preservation and advertising of relics in our own country?

Cheaper Sleeping-cars.

THERE is no question that the cheaper sleeping car must soon be a fact. The present charges are exorbitant. They amount to about twenty-five per cent. of the railroad fare, and in many cases they are more. The same is true of the chair-cars. There are exceptions to the rule, of course, but they are few in comparison with the heavy rates over most of the railroads.

While traveling, the passenger is paying for a seat and adding twenty-five per cent. to his fare in order to get other accommodations; the total is too large. The companies would lose nothing by reducing the prices. They would have more patrons, and in the end the returns would be increased and their patrons would have a kinder feeling for the corporations. The enormous income of the sleeping-car magnates shows very indisputably that the reductions could be made. As it has been, the company has been growing wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice, while the railroad companies who have been hauling the cars have grown poorer.

Quite English.

NICELY-OBSERVING persons who have been reading "The Christian" must have noticed that when Mr. Caine finds occasion to say "nigger" he says nigger right out brutally, with no suggestion of apology in the way of quotation marks—as if "nigger" were simply and only a term descriptive, and as innocently inoffensive as parson or actress.

Some may suppose that this departure—by the standard of good American usage—is due to the able editing of Mr. Chevalier, who, we have been told, revised "The Christian's" slang, that no inaccurate vulgarisms might mar its perfect realism. Such a theory would do Mr. Caine an injustice. Strange as it may seem, nigger, as he uses it, without quotation marks, is not slang at all, but is simply the ordinary English way of describing a person of color. Doubters are referred to so eminently proper a writer as Mrs. Ewing and her charming little story of "Jan of the Windmill," in which nigger appears frequently in the same matter-of-course way, after a fashion not a little shocking to the American sense of kindly propriety.

This obtuse unconsciousness that there are persons of color in the book-reading world who may wince at finding themselves thus described as niggers, as if that were what everybody (themselves included) admitted them to be, is really quite English—typically English. It lacks the excuse of traditions of race contempt which one might find for it in a Southern writer, while it contrasts curiously with that absence of color prejudice in England of which so much is made. And probably it is not a case of color-prejudice, but only a case of not knowing when one is offensive, which is the English of it.

Sanitary Warnings.

THE placard of the health board against expectoration in public places is commendable on the score of cleanliness, provided it has any effect on those who commit the offense. It is quite as reasonable from a sanitary point of view as the abolition of the common communion cup. Only this and a vast number of other sanitary affirmations are calculated to inspire an exaggerated idea of the dangers of living in the only world at human command. The comparative cheapness of microscopes and the turning loose of an army of young bacteriologists every year by modern colleges have given a boom to the germ theory and caused a shaking up of the comfortable habits of centuries. Germ-catching has become an enthusiasm, and no possible lair of the prolific bacillus is neglected. The hygiene fanatic has had his power to annoy mankind enormously enlarged by microscopical discoveries. He is a cold-blooded verterbrate, with a hatred of whatever is joyous and human. His keenest pleasure is in affirming that death lurks in lovers' kisses and that poisonous germs are communicated by a mother's caresses.

The agencies for the transmission of disease-germs are almost infinite, but it is easy to magnify the dangers of any particular custom. Specific germs are not always or often present in the air we breathe, the water we drink, the lips we press, and the multitude of things we touch. Even when they happen to be present they are not always conveyed to a place where the conditions are favorable to their development. Hygiene fanatics, sometimes including credulous physicians, indulge in a license of affirmation that is paralleled only by that of the theologians of an earlier day. If people should accept their positive statements blindly there would be an exaggerated notion of the ease and frequency with which consumption and other common afflictions are acquired by the merest contact with the sick. The danger of contagion may be real, but it is not nearly as great as they represent it to be. It is possible to breathe an air laden with the bacilli of tuberculosis and still escape the disease. It is not a wise thing to do when one can avoid it, but the escape is a common thing with persons who are not predisposed to it, and whose lives are otherwise under wholesome conditions.

Aside from the unnecessary discomfort they inflict on credulous persons, the hasty, extreme, and often unscientific sanita-

rians weaken the influence of authority in opinion. People are warned against so many fancied or remote or unimportant evils, for which there is no remedy short of a germ-proof room, that they are not disposed to listen when the case is really serious. Only a few are so placed that they can pass their lives in guarding against unseen dangers. While this influence of authority is dissipated in small matters, there are evils of magnitude that require more care than they receive. The character of the milk that is supplied to consumers in a large community is a question of graver importance than the investigation of germs that lurk about ruby lips, that inhabit the telephone, car-strap, and whatever we touch, or are set free by a sneeze. The slaughter of innocents by adulterated milk is recorded in the mortality returns in shocking figures, while the spread of disease by kisses and the other common and necessary incidents of life is only a matter of theory and guess.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—The death of Admiral Worden naturally recalls the memory of the famous naval duel between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*. It is, perhaps, not generally known that the *Monitor's* guns were fitted for a much heavier charge than the one actually used in the battle, and had they been worked up to their really effective limit, the *Merrimac* would have been literally bored through by every shot that struck her. Unfortunately, the guns had not been subjected to the regular navy test, and consequently the ordinary charge for guns of that particular weight had to be employed. Commenting upon this fact, a friend once asked the admiral why he had not used the heavier charge, knowing that the ordnance had been especially built to receive it. He replied: "I never gave it a thought, since the use of any other than the regulation charge would have been equivalent, in the case of any disastrous result, to an act of treason."

—Professor J. M. Crafts, who has been acting-president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology since the sudden death of General Francis A. Walker, some months ago, was recently formally elected to the presidency of that institution. Professor Crafts is a native Bostonian, and is approaching his sixtieth year. His father was a wealthy Boston merchant. His mother was the daughter of Jeremiah Mason, a famous Massachusetts lawyer. Much of Professor Crafts's life has been spent abroad, studying chemistry at Freiburg, Heidelberg, and Paris. The French government conferred the medal of the



PROFESSOR J. M. CRAFTS.

Legion of Honor on Professor Crafts while pursuing his studies in Paris. In the late 'sixties Mr. Crafts was made professor of chemistry at Cornell, but soon left to accept a place at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. After a short stay there he went abroad, resigning his chair at the institute, owing to ill-health. From 1871 to 1892 he divided his work between the laboratories in this country and in France, laboring most of his time with Professor Fridel in the Sorbonne. In 1892 he again returned to this country and began independent investigation at the institute. At the time of his election to the presidency Mr. Crafts held the position of professor of organic chemistry.

—Sarah Orne Jewett's reputation as a writer of New England stories was established with the publication of "Deephaven" twenty years ago. Her work has been rather stimulated than otherwise by the competition of more recent writers, notably Mary Wilkins, who have contrived to wrest a literary livelihood from that inhospitable soil. Miss Jewett's father was Theodore Herman Jewett, a distinguished physician, who lived in South Berwick, Maine, where our accomplished author was born in 1849. We do not know precisely to what extent her successful novel,



SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

"A Country Doctor," may be biographical or autobiographical; but her opportunities for "documenting" such a work to the life are obvious.

—Oscar Wilde is living in Paris under the name of Sebastian Melnotte. He has a host of friends and boon companions, and seems to be very happy since his release from prison. He spent the summer at Dieppe, with his friend Aubrey Beardsley, who is dying with consumption. Monsieur Melnotte spends his time in the Latin Quarter, and is busily at work writing. He has a play already completed, which he outlined and partially wrote while in confinement. He generally takes his meals at the famous and ancient Café Procop, which has been the rendezvous of the student element for over a hundred years, its walls bear-

ing the names of celebrities from Voltaire down to Guy de Maupassant. There is a story going the rounds of the Quarter to the effect that when Wilde entered, one evening, the little Voltaire room off the main café the little iron Venus that stands on a shelf where Voltaire placed it fell down with a great clatter the instant he put his foot in at the door. It was probably a joke carried out by means of a string, but Wilde was deeply offended.



CLARKE GRAVE.

—A genuine phenomenon has been discovered in Monrovia, Indiana, in the person of Clarke Grave, a man who has absolutely refused to draw a pension from the government of the United States. Not only that, but he has recently returned a certificate for two hundred and fifty dollars sent him by the Pension Bureau. When the officers of the bureau read his letter they turned pale; their nerves received a severe shock. Mr. Grave is not wealthy, but he is well-to-do. His war record is creditable.

—The world is surely a pleasant place for those two distinguished artists, Jean and Edouard de Reszké. The Czar of Russia has just conferred an order of nobility on the famous Polish brothers, which, of course, vastly improves their social position in that autocratic ruler's realm. Jean and Edouard are autocrats themselves, in a way, for they steadily refuse to sing to American audiences for less than five times the amount they receive for their services in London, Paris, or Berlin. If the manager won't pay it, they don't sing. That is the reason they are not coming to America this winter. Now that they are nobles, their ideas may become even more expansive. They may decline to warble a note unless presented with the entire gross receipts and a title-deed to the opera-house. It is to be hoped not, however, for, with the dulcet voiced Jean lost forever, the *matinée*-girl would weep herself into a decline. And if that impressionable and impulsive young person made an idol of this pampered tenor when he was but a commoner like the rest of us, what may she not be expected to do henceforth, now that he is a noble?

—Mrs. J. D. Gardner, of Dupont, Missouri, was advised to take exercise some few years ago for the benefit of her health.



MRS. J. D. GARDNER.

J. D. Gardner owns Joe Kent, the best hunting-dog in the Southwest.

—Marcella Sembrich may fairly be classed among the great prima-donnas of the Italian school who believe in "singing for the sake of singing."

Her greatest triumphs have been won in the familiar rôles of "La Traviata," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "The Marriage of Figaro," "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," "Don Giovanni," and "La Sonnambula." A native of a Galician (Austrian) village, and the daughter of a poor musician, she played the violin as a little girl, and studied the piano. When her voice developed she studied with Lamperti in Milan, and made her first appearance in Athens. She has sung in all parts of the world, and this season marks her second tour in America. In addition to operatic arias, she sings ballads and songs in many languages, including Finnish, Rumanian, Polish, Hungarian, Bohemian, and Basque; for, like most members of the Slavic race, she is a natural linguist. She is a fine violinist and pianist, and occasionally plays these instruments in public. Once, in Cologne, she played an obligato on the violin while she sang the "Aminta" aria by Mozart. Sembrich is an ardent horse-woman, and likes to ride a spirited animal. One day while she was riding a white Barbary mare which the Emperor of Austria had given to her, on the parade-ground of Berlin, the horse became frightened at some artillery, and it was fully a quarter of an hour before the fair rider regained control of her



MARCELLA SEMBRICH.

stead. As she was going off the grounds in a gentle canter two officers rode up to her, and one of them said: "Madame, if you were not the greatest singer in the world you would be the empress of the circus." It was the German Emperor who spoke. Madame Sembrich does not really need a press-agent; but, as it is the regulation thing to have one attached to the concert company, she believes in employing only the best.

—Colonel John Magee is the youngest railroad president in the United States. Mr. Magee is president of the Fall Brook Railroad, operating several hundreds of miles of track, over a hundred engines, about three thousand cars, and manipulating a capital of over five million dollars, employing thousands of men. Besides this important function, for a young man of twenty-nine years of age, he is president of the Fall Brook Coal Company, which owns the big soft-coal mines at Antrim, Pennsylvania. Mr. Magee's father, the late General Magee, of Watkins, New York, was a man of remarkable business ability, and early determined to fit his only son to succeed him in the management and proprietorship of his great interests. Mr. Magee grasped the workings of the extensive business with an ability far beyond his years, and when, a few months since, his father suddenly died, he found himself succeeding to the presidency of the Fall Brook, fully equipped for the responsibilities.



COLONEL JOHN MAGEE.

—The death of the proprietor of a Tenderloin chop-house brought forth a longer obituary notice in the New York papers than the decease of Justin Winsor, the Harvard librarian, who died on the same day; and on the theory that a dog-fight on the Bowery is worth more as a news item to New-Yorkers than a revolution in a foreign country—a theory attributed to various old-time lights of local journalism, Amos Cummings among them—the allotment of newspaper space was correct. Yet Mr. Winsor was probably the greatest librarian the nation has ever known, and he was, in addition, an accomplished historian and a man of ripe scholarship. A playful side of his nature, almost unknown beyond the circle of his acquaintances, was his fondness for nonsense rhymes and other literary fooling, at which he was very apt. He was as good at this as Professor Le Baron Briggs, the college dean, is at charades and children's operas, or Professor Greenough at amateur dramas, or the late Professor Lane at puns and almanac jokes, of which he was inordinately fond. Mr. Winsor was talented in the line that made Lewis Carroll more famous for "Alice in Wonderland" than for all his great mathematic learning, and had he been willing to borrow a little more time from his serious work, he might have written a companion tale to that enduring extravaganza.

—Miss Lutie A. Lytle, who has the distinction of being the first colored woman admitted to the Bar in this country, is nearly twenty-three years old, is bright and accomplished, and universally esteemed, both among whites and her own people. A graduate of the Colored Law School of Nashville, Tennessee, this year, she was admitted to the Bar in Memphis last summer before Judge L. P. Cooper, of the criminal court at that place. She will practice law, however, in Topeka, Kansas, where her parents now live. A quadroon herself, she is heartily in sympathy with the upward movement of her race. It is said by her Memphis friends, however, that she is not a Republican, but a Populist, believing that party to be the hope of her people.



MISS LUTIE A. LYTLE.

—Lillian Bell, who wrote an interesting paper in advocacy of a "college of lovers," may justly consider that her idea has sprouted in the Georgia seminary for young ladies where instruction is now given in "the art of getting married." So close in touch have Western and Southern hamlets become with Eastern printing-presses. Perhaps in time Miss Bell's caustic observations on "the young man under thirty-five" may lead that offending individual to mend his manners towards the gentler sex; but, as a farewell exhibition of *brusquerie* before reforming, he might ask Miss Bell why she calls her new volume, which includes these and some other papers in equally light vein, "From a Girl's Point of View"? For she is not herself under thirty-five, and her observations are those of a mature woman who, while the young men of a certain Western town were making love to her, was subjecting them to a cruel analysis and heartlessly registering their shortcomings in her notebook for future use. Miss Bell's book is having a large sale, while its author continues to ramble around Europe, partly in search of the picturesque and partly in quest of "specimens" for literary vivisection. She is due in Chicago, her home, next spring.

—Madame Hedwig Lamperti, widow of Francesco Lamperti, the greatest master of singing since Garcia, is coming to America for at least a season of visiting and teaching. Lamperti was the discoverer and teacher of such brilliant song-birds as Campanini, Madame Albani, and Madame Sembrich, who, it is said, will be the bright, particular star of the next Metropolitan opera season. Madame Lamperti was studying singing with the great maestro when he, an elderly widower, fell in love with her beautiful face, and married her. When he died, a few years ago, at the age of seventy, she was less than half his age. She had assisted him for years in his teaching, and to her he bequeathed his valuable notes and manuscripts. Lamperti was always a great admirer of republican institutions, and it was the dream of his life to visit America.



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A LEADING LADY: MAXINE ELLIOTT.

THERE is no critical Paris qualified to award the Hesperian prize to the most beautiful actress on the American stage. If the question were put to a popular vote, probably Miss Maxine Elliott would be elected by a substantial plurality over several other formidable candidates; and if artistic ability were to be taken into account at the same time, her supremacy would be undisputed. Miss Elliott is of Southern birth, and her beauty is of the brunette type, without being sub-tropical or Spanish. Her hair is raven-black, but soft and wavy, crowning a broad, low, white forehead and clear-cut features of Grecian purity. Her eyes are large, violet-dark, lustrous and melting. Her figure justifies the Tennysonian phrase, "divinely tall," and is carried with an easy grace that consummate dressing

enhances. Add to all this a musical voice, modulated with refined skill, and we have the sum of the outward qualifications, at least, of a great actress. Happily, Miss Elliott has not been as yet submitted to the ordeal of a "star" appearance. As a member of Mr. Daly's stock company she showed herself possessed of intelligence and versatility in a variety of important though secondary rôles in legitimate and modern comedy. Just what she would do in a tragic or an emotional part, no one can precisely say. The presumptions, however, are quite in her favor.

In the meantime Miss Elliott appears to admirable advantage as the leading support of our foremost younger comedian, Mr. N. C. Goodwin. In that light but sparkling comedy, "An American Citizen," by Madeline Lucette

Riley, she plays *Beatrice Carey* to his *Beresford Cruger*; and her "support" of the actor, in his infinite, rapid transitions, is genuine, and not merely nominal. Certainly, this is high achievement, when we consider that Mr. Goodwin's acting here, like the play itself, which so perfectly fits him, is much more brilliant than it looks from a superficial observation. There are sudden, yet natural notes of sentiment and pathos, which he sounds as truly and unerringly as he does those broadly humorous ones in which he is unrivaled. To say that Maxine Elliott responds with quick and sure sympathy to all these nuances is only to render a merited tribute to a fair and talented personality that already has won a wide public appreciation.



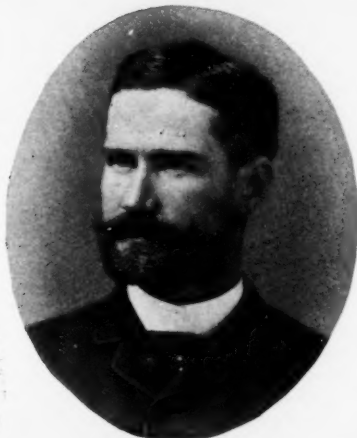
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THE MERCHANTS' ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK.

[SEE PAGE 314.]

THE DEATH OF DEMÉTRI.

BY E. F. BENSON,
THE AUTHOR OF "DODO."

PART II.

BUT it was well to have a second string to his bow when the first was so little dependable, since, as he knew the probabilities were rather in favor of his brother being still alive and still in Athens; and he bethought himself of applying, in case his first venture miscarried, to the headquarters of the Club of Patriots. To them he would go, not as a volunteer who would receive, or even expect, pay for his services; on the contrary, his own savings were at the disposal of the club, let them only give him food, a rifle, a belt of cartridges, and the opportunity of periling a Turk or two on the sight of his gun.

He had taken a carriage from the port up to Athens, and though the best pace of the weedy little horses was but the sorriest trot, yet the vineyards and olive-groves that lined the dusty highway seemed to him, busy with his thoughts, to make nimble passaging. The sprouting vines were in the first luxuriance of their varnished leaf, the young corn was gay with the inimitable scarlet of the flaunting poppies, and in their red he saw the blood of the Turk spilt upon the fields. The sun was by this time swung high above Hymettus, the sky was one blue, ineffably pure and soft, and to his eyes, so long accustomed to the brazen heavens of the farther South, incomparably gracious. Straight in front of him, and still a mile distant, the town, sentinelled by its rock of temples, sparkled white and welcoming, and Demétri, washed clean from the sordid aims of the past years and on fire with one idea, drew a deep breath and was content. Then he leaned back again in the carriage and counted over, but with how changed a spirit and how different an aim, the savings of that shop off the Mowski, already how distant. He had drawn from the bank in Cairo a draft on the National Bank of Greece, and he burned to cash it and know that it was swallowed up, digested, and transformed into the sinews of war. He drove straight to the barracks, wondering as he went at the changed and magnified streets; where he remembered narrow ways and huddled houses there were now fine streets trimmed with broad pavements made of the marble from the quarries of Hymettus. Trams jingled and grated down the main thoroughfares, and the spacious plate-glass windows of spacious shops showed inside French goods and foreign manufactures. Here and there a crowd was gathered round some board on which were posted the latest tidings from the front, but like a gourmand, who to quicken his hunger delays his dinner, Demétri stopped not to look, but drove up through the square and past the palace, to put into action at once his bold attempt at false impersonation.

Two gates gave on to the road from the walled court-yard outside the barracks, above one of which was written "Entrance for the Reserves." Here Demétri found himself at the end of a queue of men pressing inwards. They passed in single file before an officer, who marked off their names on the rolls and gave to each his order for military outfit. The notice of the calling out of the reserves of 1869 had been issued some hours, the last of those in Athens were now reporting themselves, and when Demétri entered, there were no others to follow, and, but for a sergeant who stood by, he was alone with the officer.

For the life of him he could not immediately command his voice, but at the second attempt, in answer to the officer's "Name?" he answered with fair steadiness.

"Capsas, Kestas Capsas," he said.

The sergeant started, took a step forward, and would have spoken, but the young officer with a gesture commanded silence.

"Kestas Capsas did you say?" he asked.

Demétri hesitated, looked up and caught the sergeant's eye. For a moment he stared blankly, and then, as to a drowning man drawn back to life, came recognition.

"Kestas, little Kestas," he said.

The officer laid down his pen.

"What does all this mean?" he asked. "The name you gave me was Kestas Capsas. I do not find two such names on the roll."

But Demétri had turned to the sergeant, and for a moment his eyes were dim. "Kestas," he said again, "do you not know me? Did not your brother Demétri ever drive sheep with you on Hymettus?"

"Demétri!" said the other, "welcome home, brother; good attends your home-coming," and the two men clasped hands and kissed each other.

The young officer waited until there was silence between them, and then spoke.

"What does all this mean?" he asked, kindly enough, for there was a suspicion in his mind which tallied with the truth.

But before Demétri had time to answer an orderly dashed up to the gate at a gallop and hurried in with a telegram. The officer read it with kindling eye, scribbled a reply on the back, and with a clatter of horse's hoofs and a swirl of dust the messenger was on the road again.

By this time Demétri had found his tongue, and with brevity and frankness told his whole story.

"So I am here," he concluded, "and I, with all I have, am at the service of Greece," and he laid before the officer the draft on the national bank. The other took it without looking at it and rose to his feet.

"In the name of the regiment, then," he said, "I thank you for the service you would render, but I am afraid it will not do to have two men answering to the name of Kestas Capsas. I am Captain Hatsópoula, at your service. As for this—" and he looked at the draft, then stopped, and his lips formed themselves to whistling shape.

"This is a notable sum," he said, simply.

"I would it were the more notable," answered Demétri, "but it is all I have."

Hatsópoula hesitated.

"Are you wise," he said, at length, "to hand this entire to the revolutionists? Suppose you are wounded and sent back to Athens?"

"You can then manage that I go to the front?" interrupted Demétri.

"Surely, though not among the regulars. Hear this telegram from Larissa, which you saw me receive just now: 'Villages still rising; insurgents collect on frontier. Any volunteers are welcomed. The club provides all expenses and full pay.' But you would be wise—"

Again he hesitated, for in the face of the completeness with which Demétri offered himself and all he had, the counsels of prudence seemed bloodless, almost shameful. But he continued:

"You would be wise to reserve a certain part of this. Suppose you are wounded and sent back to Athens, you will need money."

Demétri's insignificant little face glowed with the fine certainty of enthusiasm.

"I shall never be brought back to Athens!" he cried.

"God go with you, then," said the other, "for a true patriot."

That day, and the next, Demétri remained in Athens for the earliest steamer that should start for Volo, and the noble fever in the blood rose even higher. Indeed, a man must have had a soul of damp clay not to have caught the raging fire of enthusiasm. At last and at last they were to be brought face to face again with the refuse and vermin of the earth; all Greece was as a panther crouched to spring. Had they not met the Turks six-and-seventy years ago, when they were the lords of the land and the Greeks were peasants ground down and oppressed to death, and worse than death, and had not the Turks vanished from the land as a man's breath fades and is dispersed in frosty air? How different was it now! A free people, fit, alert, vengeance-breathing, nosed the trail. It should fare ill with their quarry: Volunteers poured in; some mere boys, some already old, but all on fire. Such was the stuff of which victory was made. They carried with them the banner under which they had fought and conquered seventy years ago—the cross, with its splendid motto: "In this is victory." Indeed, if enthusiasm and conviction were of avail, no soldiers ever went forth to war more nobly equipped.

The march of the first contingent of volunteers, among whom was Demétri, to the Piræus was more like the ovation given to a returning and victorious army than the departure of untried men to the front, and the rejoicings, rather than the prayers, of the city went with them. To Demétri it was as if he had passed through death and resurrection; his life in Egypt was dead to his memory, and his departure from Athens eight-and-twenty years ago joined itself without break to his return. A fierce excitement possessed him; his senses were quickened as if by wine: all that passed was conveyed to his consciousness with an unwonted vividness, and it was not till night fell and he sat in the bows of the steamer as it plowed its northward way to Volo, casting from its sides spent sheets of phosphorescent foam, that he came to himself. Then the cool and quiet of night, the calm of the slow-wheeling stars, the serene expanse of the dim-lit sea, relaxed the tenseness of his nerves and brought soberness to his spirit. He looked at what he had done and judged it, and found that it was good.

But Larissa was Athens again, and this added, that here was felt the very breath of war, hot and imminent. The earthworks were already piled, the guns mounted; already the town was alert for the enemy. News arrived hourly; the Turks were massing on the frontier, and opposite them, within rifle-shot, were the outposts of the Greeks. One shot, maybe, might cause the tocsin of war to swing clanging. Men's hearts beat quick and small with waiting for the signal.

But for these raw volunteers the days were full enough, and the routine of camp-life, with its small and multitudinous duties, was sobering. Some three hundred had come with Demétri from Athens, as many more from the villages in the Peloponnesus, and steamers were now on their way from Athens with other contingents. These six hundred were divided into three companies, two of which were immediately dispatched to depots along the frontier, one being left at Larissa to join a body of revolutionary troops in the pay of the Club of Patriots, who were to cross the frontier, when the time for action came, at a point not far from Reveni, a little north of west from their starting-point. To the volunteers was given a subordinate but essential duty. As yet, until they were more seasoned for war, they were not to take any part in assault on Turkish posts, but were, as occasion arose, to cover a line of retreat, protect heights, or guard the camp, while the revolutionary troops with which they worked—men of the mountain and to a certain extent drilled in war—delivered the attack.

Three days later news was received that the irregulars sent to be posted at different points along the frontier were in their places, and the third division of volunteers in Larissa, with the irregulars to which they were attached, received orders to march. The morning had been hot beyond the measure of the season, but with the declining of the day a breeze woke in the hills to the north and made the foot and the blood go quickly. The streets, all full of the bustle and preparation of war, stopped a moment to thunder them God-speed; here a string of ammunition-wagons drew up by the wayside and shouted them success; here they passed a body of more newly-arrived recruits who paused in their drill to salute them, and with the setting of the sun they had passed out of the plain and into the hills, among which lay the frontier of the Turk and imminent glory.

Morning saw them high on the hillsides overlooking and not more than three miles from the frontier. They had halted for some five hours during the middle of the night, and Demétri, though tired with the unaccustomed walking, found himself unable to sleep. It was enough to cuddle his rifle as if he had been a mother with a new-born child, or to finger over his belt of cartridges. "Here is one," he thought to himself, "which shall

send a bullet into the head of a Turk; it shall hit him just below the eye, so that the bone shall be shattered and the brain stuff shall spurt through the hole. And this one shall hit a very tall man at close range; perhaps it will not quite kill him, and he shall lie moaning." His right foot had blistered on the ball of the toe, and throbbed uncomfortably, but he told himself that three Turks should pay the penalty for that, and at the thought the pain seemed to cease. Then a sudden wind came buzzing through the trees and a squall of rain spattered down on them; for that, too, thought Demétri, as he rolled his coat more tightly round him, should the Turks pay heavily. And though he did not sleep, the hours of the halt passed quickly, and he was surprised when the word to march was given.

Their way had been in a northwesterly direction, ever mounting, and before long the plane-trees of the Salambria stream and the lower hills had given place to the more austere pine. They followed a mere trail of a path deep embosomed in the trees, but at dawn they could see, through the thick-growing trunks, that the ground was beginning to fall rapidly away to the north and to melt into foot-hills, beyond which, more guessed at than seen, lay the plains of Macedonia. Before eight they had begun to descend, still impenetrably sheltered by the trees, so that even had the Turks pushed forward their outposts during the last twenty-four hours, the presence of the advancing body must still have remained unsuspected except at the closest quarters. Tongues were hushed in the ecstasy of expectation and feet were noiseless on the needle-carpeted ground; the heightened color and sparkling eyes of the men alone marked them out from a company of ghosts.

Before nine a halt was called. Half a mile below lay the little hamlet called Mavromati, and while the men loosened their belts and sat down to eat the breakfast of bread and goat's cheese, washed down with resinated wine which they had brought with them, two or three of their officers went forward to ascertain if anything fresh was to be learned of the position of the more advanced Turks. Mavromati was no more than a couple of score of shepherds' huts, and lay conveniently for their purpose deep among trees, and before mid-day word came back, carried by a tangle-haired shepherd-boy, that the men were to advance again. At the village they were met by the officers who had gone forward, and their plan of action was made known.

About a mile beyond the frontier was a Turkish village where at present were mustered some three hundred men. They had stationed two outposts half a mile in front, who guarded the path leading from Mavromati to their village. This path was thickly wooded for a space, and lay down a valley cut in the hillside following the course of a noisy and riotous stream which rose close to Mavromati, but beyond that the pines ceased and the two outposts, advantageously stationed on opposite flanks of the hills, overlooked and commanded it. At the best, if the main body advanced that way they could surprise and rout the outposts, but the noise of their firing would certainly put the garrison of Turks in the village below on the alert. But a mile to the west the pine woods ran out in a long, wooded ridge, at present unguarded, to below the village where the Turks were stationed. There was no path that way, and the hillside was very rugged and precipitous; but where pines grew, so said their proverb, there could men of the mountains go.

Their plan then was as follows: they would remain at Mavromati all day, and shortly after midnight, the moon rising late, the main body of irregulars was to advance under cover of the woods, leave the outposts a mile to the right, and wait till morning opposite the village. At dawn they would advance rapidly on it, then delivering the attack from a quarter neither suspected nor defended. During the night the volunteers were to dispose themselves along the edge of the pine wood, which extended to within a few hundred yards of the Turkish outposts, and as soon as they heard the shots from below were to open fire upon them. This would lead them to think that another attack was being developed from the front, whence they expected it to come, and they would thus be kept employed. In case of disaster below, the main body of irregulars would retreat to Mavromati by the direct road lying by the stream, on which the outposts were still engaged in repelling the fire from the woods, while, if their attack was successful and the Turks routed, they would eventually rejoin the rest by the same road. Certainly the exploit smacked of success.

Their chief informant was the priest of the village, by name Elias, and, like Elijah of old, a man of God and a man of blood. To him the war was a crusade and a command from heaven; the Cross was at war with the enemies of Christ. Knowing the country as he did, he was to be guide to the main body in their advance through the woods. "And then," he exclaimed, "I will show that I can still help you, for God will make strong my arm."

Night fell; an hour before the time when the main body was to set out, Elias, in the robes of a priest, brought out into the village square (for the church was too small to hold the men) the vessels of the sacrament, and under the roof of the span-gled night and to the light of pine torches, celebrated the Mass. Row upon row the kneeling soldiers received the sacred mysteries, and with the thrill of warlike adventure was mingled the spirit of crusade. The priest's voice, alternating with the deep murmur of response from the kneeling ranks, rose straight, so it seemed to Demétri, through no confining roof, to the throne of the Giver of victory; and to him, as to the rest, this lust for the blood of the atrocious Turk was inspired not merely by any personal or even national sense of wrong, but by the desire to be a militant soldier of the cause of the Cross. The Southern blood of the men, ever hot and simmering, rose suddenly to the boil; the deep-rooted fundamental idea of religion, though overlaid with superstition and priestcraft, leaped like a blush to the surface; they were one voice, and that voice rose from one heart. Then, passing before their commander, who was of the committee of the Club of Patriots, each swore an oath to fight for his country to the death; then the word was given, the ranks reformed, and the main body filed out of the town and were swallowed up in the forest and the night.

An hour later the volunteers followed. The moon was already up, and its light filtered through the net of pine boughs, making a luminous grayness beneath. Owls flitted noiselessly

by with strange flute-like cries, and the beasts of the forest—rose-deer and boars—could be heard running or routing about in the stillness. The north wind had swept clear the sky, but had dropped before midnight, and now only an occasional breeze woke in the woods the noise of a distant sea. The straight and slender stems of the trees marched in and out of their background like ghosts, and their scent was aromatic to the nostrils. The men marched at first in twos and threes, talking low to each other, but before long a glimmer of added light ahead showed where the pines were beginning to grow thin, and now scattered clumps of undergrowth on the bare floor of needles shot up below open spaces in the trees, and above them a break in the sea of boughs made an island of velvet-blue sky picked with stars burning large and clear. Before long the halt was called, as they were approaching the edge of the wood, and the men were divided into two parts, one of which crossed the prattling gorge where the road lay, to ambush themselves opposite the other outpost. The noise of the stream covered any sound of their movements, and—for it was still an hour or more before dawn—the officers posted each man separately on the very edge of the wood, behind cover of brushwood or shrub, where he had a good sight, himself unseen of the Turkish tents in the open.

Some ten yards separated Demetri from either of his neighbors, and for that hour before dawn he communed silently with himself. He had realized his capacity for happiness, and, having realized it, he scarcely regretted those years in Egypt which had thus been crowned. But with Egypt came the remembrance of Yanni, and the thought of the lad had two regrets entwined with it: the first a vague compunction for not having been a kinder father; the second and more, far more, poignant, that he had not taught him to be a Greek. But this passed, and he lay in a sort of trance, waiting for the flush of dawn which should bring the signal from below.

Slowly the alchemy of morning began to steal over the face of the earth. At first it was a change too subtle for definition—simply another aspect came over the sky; one could not say it was lighter, it was only less asleep. From moment to moment it awoke, and yet no hint of color was seen in the trees and declining slopes; everything was still black or gray. But outlines grew defined, the gorge on his right, down which ran the road from Mavromati, was suddenly carved out in sharp perspective; then the dim blurs of gray, which he had understood rather than seen to be the tents of the Turkish outposts, took shape and stood out well-defined against the dim spaces beyond, and standing by the tents, or walking to and fro, he saw the figures of some half-dozen sentries. The twigs of the alder-bush in front of him were clothed no longer with blots and splashes of neutral tint, but with delicate shapes of leaves. Then the dove-color of the sky was suddenly flushed with rose, a breeze passed like a sigh of one awakening, the stars paled and one by one dropped out of being till only a single planet hung like an inextinguishable lamp low in the west. Then, like a flame bursting from a core of glowing coal, a yellower brightness overscored the rose, and at that touch the whole circle of visible things sprang into life. Hills, valleys, and plain beyond were clothed in their own shapes and colors, and the alchemy was finished.

Suddenly from below came the signal, a volley of shots, and on the moment every rifle of the ambushed men was at the shoulder. The order had been to fire by sections, and immediately after from their extreme left came the crack of half a dozen rifles, and two sentries fell. The rest fled to the shelter of the tents, and a minute afterwards the whole outpost poured out. Another volley saluted them, and without pausing they formed open line and charged at the fringe of brushwood behind which the ambush was concealed. Demetri had fired once, and as the Turks ran up the slight slope from their tents he had loaded again, and took slow and deliberate aim. The man at whom he fired spun round, fell, and lay still, and "Oh, thank God, thank God!" said Demetri to himself. Again a volley came from their left, some dozen others fell, and a sort of panic seemed to seize the rest. Some stood still and fired wildly into the brushwood, and one bullet whistled over Demetri's head like a snipe; others ran back into the shelter of the tents, others made for the gorge down which ran the road from Mavromati; but a few came on, and before Demetri had time to load again a Turk sprang through the brushwood not a dozen yards from him.

He saw Demetri crouching there, fumbling unhandily with the breech of his rifle and smiling very happily to himself. Then with his revolver he shot him through the head.

Demetri fell back with his face upwards, and his mouth still smiled, for he had his will.

THE END.

The Woman with a Mission.

It is surprising to know how many women there are with a deep and burning interest in Humanity with a big H. Individual humanity, as represented by those who have direct claims upon them, does not interest them in the least. Their own husbands, their own children, do not appeal to them, and they have but a languid interest in their own homes. The writer was visited one day recently by a humanitarian of this type. Her mission was the uplifting of *all* Humanity. She had, she said, consecrated her life to that end. During her call she revealed the fact that she was two thousand miles from her husband and five children. They could, she affirmed, "get along nicely without her," and she felt that she could do a "far greater and nobler work for Humanity by working for this glorious cause of temperance." This was her mission. It had been but a week since I had met the mother of several small children who was trying to "uplift humanity" by going about organizing clubs for the development of "The New Thought." After listening for nearly an hour to an outline of the plans and purposes of this "New Thought" scheme I was more than ever convinced that old thoughts are best, particularly the thoughts of our grandmothers regarding the first duty of a wife and mother.

There is much of exaggeration and cheap wit in the comic papers regarding the neglect of their homes and families by the "new women," who have branched out into fields heretofore occupied by men alone. A good deal of the criticism of the new woman is unfair and unjust, but the fact remains that the

woman with a mission is in many cases a woman with painfully distorted views regarding the duty she owes to herself and to others. The writer not long ago heard a woman, addressing a large gathering of people, say:

"I have given up my home and children, my husband and parents, to go forth and spread abroad the glorious gospel and to try to win men and women to Christ. My life henceforth is to be devoted to God and humanity."

The question naturally arises, Can a wife and mother devote herself to anything higher, or better, or nobler, than the proper training of her own children? And does not her duty to her children, her husband, and her home, transcend any duty she may owe to others? The enthusiast may say no to these questions, but every true and loving wife and mother will say yes to both questions. When a woman has a home and children, no call to duty is higher or more imperative than the call that comes to her from her own home, and in no sphere can she do a greater or better work. The good she might do elsewhere cannot be offered as an excuse for the neglect of those who have the first claim on her love and care. It is sometimes true that a love of notoriety and an overpowering desire to be seen and heard is the chief motive of the woman with a mission.

J. L. H.

Ireland to the Fore Again.

SINCE the death of Charles Stewart Parnell, American interest in Irish matters has been considerably on the wane, if we except the momentary excitement caused by the discovery of



MISS MAUD GONNE.

more or less authenticated dynamite plots. The Irish people themselves, disgusted by the failure of the home-rule project and the humiliating spectacle of their own parliamentary representatives engaged in reciprocal recriminations and petty bickerings, have turned away their face from Westminster, and to all outward appearances apathy, or what Mr. Cleveland would call "innocuous desuetude," has succeeded to the political activity and enthusiasm of the past. There are signs, however, that this state of affairs is now approaching its turn, and that Ireland is being aroused by degrees from her lethargic condition. Two powerful elements are contributing to this result—the alarming prospects for the coming winter in the agricultural districts of the island, due to the failure of this autumn's crops, and the approaching centennial of the rebellion of 1798.

The concurrence of two such factors would seem to be almost providential. With the process-server and eviction party in full activity again, as is already the case in the distressed portions, the people must necessarily be brought to a realization of what was really lost to Ireland by a failure of the great rebellion, and this recollection will surely fan into flame once more the smouldering embers of hatred against the "foreign oppressor." A recent journey through Ireland afforded me an opportunity of judging of this gradual awakening of popular sentiment. In all parts of the island '98 clubs are being formed for the ostensible purpose

to be accomplished by the Irish alone; but the patriots hope and believe that the empire is approaching its disintegration, and they wish to be ready for the emergency. And that emergency will come the day that England finds herself at war with some great European Power. It is in anticipation of that day that the organizers of the so-called '98 movement are mustering the youth of the land, and instilling in their minds the lessons taught by the heroic efforts of a century ago.

The millions of Irishmen in the United States will come in for their share of participation in the coming centennial celebration. Thousands and thousands of them have signified their intention to visit Ireland in the spring and summer of next year, and at the time of writing the number of American '98 clubs almost equals that of the mother country. Furthermore, as LESLIE'S WEEKLY exclusively announced three months ago, Maud Gonne, the famous agitator, is now visiting the United States to bring a message of welcome from the Irish at home to their brethren over the sea, to which mission recent events have added this further one of appealing for help on behalf of the starving and evicted tenants of Munster, Leinster, and Connaught. Miss Gonne arrived in New York about the middle of October, and will visit every large city of the Union.

As to the evictions in Ireland, they are increasing day by day. The system has not changed in a single particular, in spite of Fenianism, dynamite, boycotting, and land-league agitations. The inexorable hand of the land-agent, representing the absentee landlord, falls heavily upon the wretched tenantry the moment that agricultural depression sets in. In the face of the general misery superinduced by providential circumstances, such as the failure of the crops in consequence of prolonged rainfalls, one would expect a certain degree of lenity on the part of the land-owners. Instead of this, the majority of them take early measures to throw the sufferers into the roadway, or—which is barely a betterment of their condition—into the poor-house. Already several of the largest property-owners in the country, like Vandeleur, the Marquis of Sligo, and Lord Dillon, are said to have informed the guardians of the poor to prepare quarters for a large number of tenants about to be evicted, and many other noblemen are preparing to follow this example. The poor-houses once filled up, there will remain absolutely no shelter for the remaining sufferers, whose numbers run into the hundreds of thousands, and of whom many are now subsisting on half-ripe potatoes, black and sodden, often giving rise to fatal cases of cholera and blood-poisoning. Deprived of their homes in this enfeebled condition, it is safe to predict that a goodly proportion of these wretched people will never live to see the coming spring unless prompt measures are undertaken for their relief. But this must come from private initiative, for little hope is based on government action, which has always been found deficient in meeting similar emergencies.

The brutality of the evicting parties in the meanwhile is daily adding to the general misery. While in Ireland myself, well-authenticated cases came to my knowledge of men, wo-



EVICTIONS IN IRELAND—THE SUMMONS TO SURRENDER.



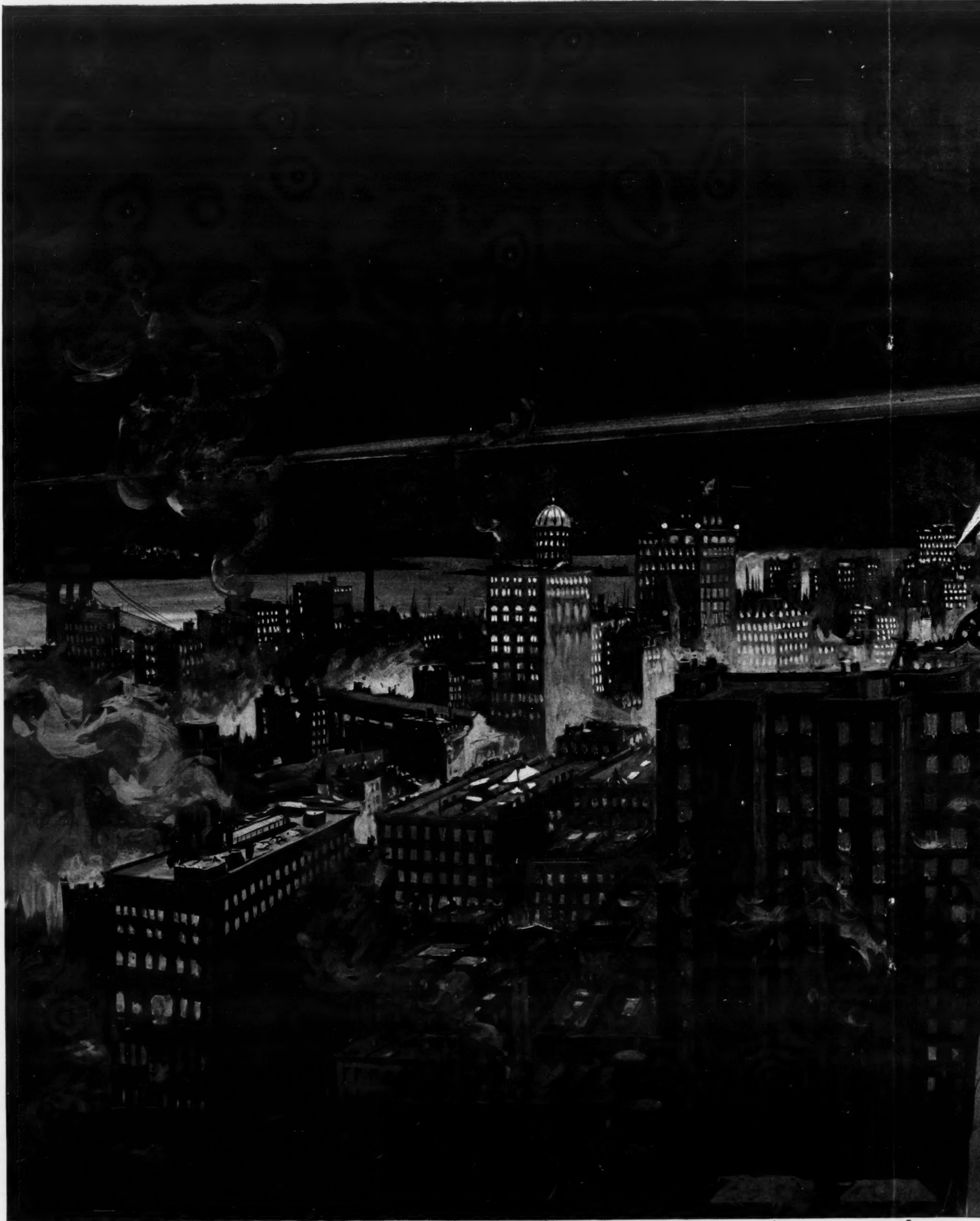
EVICTIONS IN IRELAND—A COTTAGE WALL BATTERED DOWN.

of rendering homage to the martyrs of the cause, but it requires no unusual degree of perspicacity to discern that these associations will not consider their duties terminated with the organization of parades, banquets, memorial meetings, pilgrimages to battle-fields, etc. It is easy to see that the movement is intended to be a lasting one, until the great object of all is finally attained—complete separation from the British empire! It is not thought, even by the most sanguine, that this can ever

men, and children being turned out into the fields and there left over night in rain and wind until temporarily relieved by the poor-officers. At the present moment there is a man serving a term of four months at hard labor in the county jail at Castlebar, for the crime of conducting his mother, aged eighty-six years, back under the family roof-tree, whence she had been expelled by an eviction party. The poor man, it seems, scraped together the arrears of rent and offered the same to the agent, but the latter had meantime arranged to turn over the property to a so-called "land-grabber," who bid a higher sum. This is a sample of the ordinary judicial methods applied to the Irish tenantry. In the same county—Mayo—a sick woman was dragged out of bed by an evicting party and deposited in the roadway, where she lay until morning, exposed to the rigor of the elements.

As the accompanying photographs only too plainly show, the besieged stand little chance when once the battering-ram is brought into play under the glistering bayonets of the infantry. With such scenes as these daily enacted in the agricultural regions, with the spectre of famine stalking from north to south and from east to west, it would be remarkable, indeed, if the spirit of rebellion, fostered by centuries of misgovernment, did not reassert itself in a most active form during the coming centennial anniversary of one of the most momentous epochs in Irish history.

V. GRIBAYÉDOFF.



World. Tribune. Tract Society Building. Times.

ELECTION NIGHT ON NEWSPAPER RO

THE GREAT CITY IS HERE SEEN FROM THE TOP OF THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE BUILDING, THE HOME OF THE MERCHANTS' ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK, DURING
CHOSEN MAYOR OF THE GREATER CITY. IT HAS BEEN THE PRACTICE OF LATE FOR THE NEWSPAPERS TO DISPLAY SIGNALS BY SEA
WAY THE RESULT OF THE ELECTION. LIGHTS ARE PROJECTED TOWARDS GIVEN POINTS OF THE COMPA



St. Paul Building, on old Herald site.

New York Life Building Tower.

APER ROW IN NEW YORK.

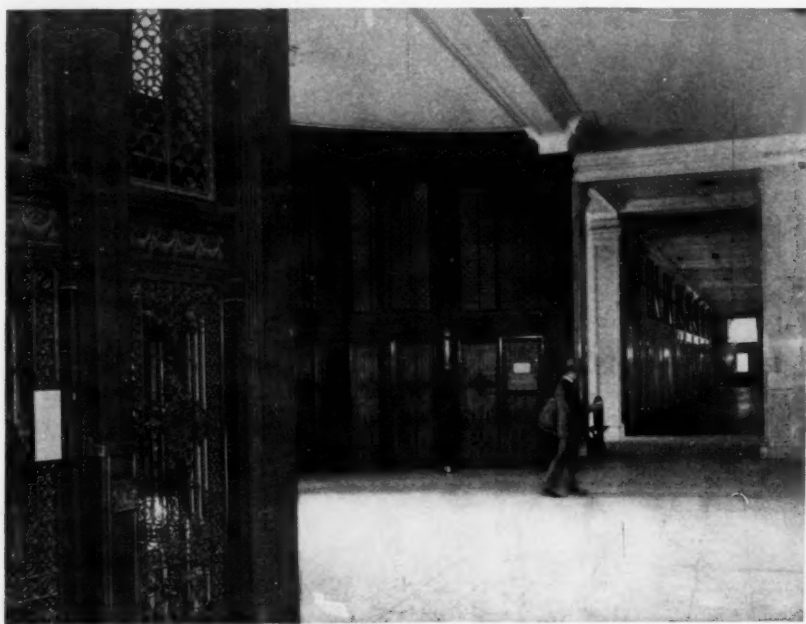
NEW YORK, DURING THE ILLUMINATIONS OF THE NEWSPAPER BUILDINGS AND THE DISPLAY OF BULLETINS TO INFORM THE PEOPLE WHO HAS BEEN
Y SIGNALS BY SEARCH-LIGHTS, SO THAT EVEN THOSE REMOTE FROM THE BULLETINS MAY KNOW IN A GENERAL
ITS OF THE COMPASS TO ANNOUNCE THE SUCCESS OF ONE OR ANOTHER CANDIDATE.

Association of Merchants.

BY LOUIS WINDMÜLLER.

SOCIETIES to promote their common interest have been formed by mercantile communities since time immemorial. In writing this brief sketch of one organized here in March it became necessary to extol advantages which this city offers. I did not mean to underrate those of other American cities; a great many have peculiar merits of their own. My object was to encourage loyal co-operation; not to restrain friendly rivalry. The example of New York has already been followed by Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Baltimore, Richmond, Atlanta, Cincinnati, Buffalo, and numerous inland towns; which demonstrates that the movement is timely and is destined to become generally popular.

Paris may offer a greater variety of attractions, but Americans appreciate those New York offers. In winter the choicest music is heard in our opera-houses; plays are performed, by Daly's and other actors, in forty different theatres, which are adapted to our tastes, and equal to the best in the world. Our Metropolitan Museum, Academy of Design, and other galleries exhibit genuine treasures of modern art; public libraries, those of science and literature. Sermons are preached in our churches by such famous doctors of divinity as Hall, Storrs, and Rains-



MAIN CORRIDOR OF NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE BUILDING.

ford, and social reformers like Parkhurst; in our lecture-halls we may enjoy the wit of Choate, the humor of Depew, and the sarcasm of Ingersoll.

Sea-breezes invite us in summer to a dozen roof-gardens, and a thousand excursion boats, gliding along the shores of the noble Hudson through the finest harbor in the world, to the surf of Coney Island and Long Branch. Since Waring's white brigade began to sweep them, our streets are the cleanest of any city on this continent. Hyde Park in London, the Thiergarten of Berlin, the Bois de Boulogne itself, do not contain as many handsome drives and shady walks, alive with carriages, equestrians, and happy crowds, as Central Park. On Riverside, one of the most unique promenades along the river, opposite the shores of New Jersey, bicyclists fairly swarm, on every fine afternoon, towards the imposing tomb of General Grant. There is no other place where serious business can be combined with so much real enjoyment; that it has been but little appreciated is due to indifference and lack of civic pride. We always have had, and have now, public-spirited citizens who endow colleges, support hospitals, and make liberal contributions to charity; but there never has been that disinterested spirit of co-operation among us which elevates hucksters to merchants, and merchants to merchant princes. Success can be achieved by united action only. If we consider the effectual efforts made by Venice and Genoa at the time of the Crusades to control the trade with India, the energy displayed by Dutch, Hanseatic, and English towns to capture the commerce of the world later on, and the sacrifices made four years ago before our own eyes by Chicago when she secured for herself the world's fair, we must acknowledge that our long-continued diffidence has almost become contemptuous.

Aroused by recent hard times from this apathy, a few public-spirited dealers in dry-goods clubbed together to form the "Merchants' Association of New York." Thanks to the efficiency of such men as William F. King, John Claffin, and William E. Tefft, they have met with phenomenal success; so far they have chiefly endeavored to secure reduced railroad fares for those country members who signified a willingness to visit New York. On their arrival here they are hospitably received in the spacious rooms of the association, where disinterested agents are ready to impart to them all the information they require for a proper transaction of their business. A clerk, experienced in hotel business, looks after their comfort and pleasure while they are here, and a railroad man assists them to get home when they depart.

The movement was not long confined to the dry-goods trade; dealers in groceries and provisions, manufacturers of hardware and carriages, importers of crockery and toys, makers of books and paper, bankers, upholsterers, druggists, furriers, tanners, and milliners joined the ranks, until almost every branch of wholesale business is represented. The association contains now over one thousand resident and twenty-five thousand non-resident members, forming one of the largest commercial unions in the world—larger than was ever brought together in so short a time.

Merchants who come here have advantages over those who rely on correspondence or inland towns, and on commercial travelers. In our market everything the world produces can be seen; the dealer who does not canvass it neglects his duty. It does more than forty per cent. of the business of the entire Union, and next to London ranks the first seaport of the world. The population within present city limits, numbering three million people, is more in touch with our English cousins than any other American community. Being able to see what we have, the dealer can form a more correct opinion of the adaptability to his wants of the article he buys than he can by merely seeing samples; he can make his selection from a greater variety than he can find anywhere else. When he meets the seller in person he can acquire a better knowledge of his standing in a few hours than by the representations of agents in a lifetime.

The seller will have more confidence in the buyer whom he meets face to face; is better able to judge of the credit he deserves, and can study and care for his wants better.

The influx of visitors to our city will not benefit the wholesale trade alone. Places of amusement will profit by their patronage. We have many excellent restaurants and hotels, from Delmonico's to the quick-lunch counter; from the sumptuous "Waldorf" on Fifth Avenue to the unpretentious but interesting "Hotel Martin" on University Place. Excursionists of the association will fill them, as visitors of Leipzig and Nizhnee Novgorod fill those cities when they come to their fairs. Railroads will reap the benefit of increased traffic.

Seeing the advantages our city offers, some country merchants may desire to establish agencies here permanently, and hire rooms in our magnificent office-buildings; others may find it desirable to keep accounts in our banks, enabling them to borrow money here when they cannot get it at home. As centre of finance and depository of the country's wealth, New York has sixty-six banks, which form the Clearing House Association, two members of which hold deposits of more than ninety million dollars.

The New York Merchants' Association does not intend to confine itself to the accomplishment of any single purpose, but it means to further the mercantile interests of our city, State, and country generally. Entering as we do on an era of widespread prosperity, the time for concerted action was well chosen. Wherever such action may be taken the participants will reap benefits to the extent which

their ability to take advantage of favorable circumstances will permit.

Some Novel Coincidences.

A LITTLE while ago LESLIE'S WEEKLY printed an admirable sea-yarn, "The Voice of Nemesis," by Mr. Morgan Robertson. A few weeks later the editor received a letter suggesting that Mr. Robertson had borrowed the idea of the tale from another story, printed many years before. The editor compared the stories, and was glad to acquit Mr. Robertson of the unkind charge made—thoughtlessly, perhaps, and carelessly certainly—against him. As a matter of interest, however, he notified Mr. Robertson of what had been said, and received in reply the following letter, which is here published as of general literary interest:

"To the Editor of Leslie's Weekly.

"SIR:—Your letter apprising me of a correspondent's suggestion that 'The Voice of Nemesis' was copied from 'The Ghost on Board the Imogene' has caused me less anxiety than it would have done when the story was written, a little over a year ago. Then I would have shrunk from a charge of plagiarism. I am getting over that; yet, though I would that the cup should pass from me, I feel that I must answer this charge before I am utterly hardened.

"The 'Log of the Fortuna,' which contains this ghost-story, was given me at Christmas nearly twenty-five years ago, and was one of the determining influences that, later on, sent me to sea. Having done its work, it passed out of my possession and memory, and your letter contains the only mention of this book that I have seen since then.

"I have now, helped by your mention of its similarity to my story, a dim recollection of 'The Ghost on Board the Imogene,' and a much dimmer remembrance of the finale. The fact that my youthful mind retained the gruesome mystery of the story and all but discarded the natural solution, is something which I can only affirm. That the hinging of this tale on ventriloquism and revenge (plus the thousands of other mental pictures of the same that have appealed to me) has had an influence towards my selecting the idea for a sea-story, I do not deny. But I do assert most emphatically that I did it unconsciously.

"I am peculiarly open to the charge of plagiarism. If your correspondent has read Scribner's Magazine for June, and Harper's and McClure's for September, 1896, he may have noticed three stories written around the same idea—the loss of memory from a blow on the head, the living for a period of years as another individuality, and the return to take up the first life where dropped, as a result, in one case, of a second blow on the head; in the other two, of trepanning.

"Helen H. Gardner wrote the Harper story; Mary T. Earle the one in Scribner's, and the one in McClure's was written by myself and delivered to the editor before the 1st of June, when the Scribner story was published. It appeared in September,

co-incident with the publication of Helen H. Gardner's story in Harper's Magazine.

"It may not be needless to declare that I have never had access to the manuscripts or proof sheets at Harper's and Scribner's, and that I have had no communication with either of these writers. They have not accused me of using their ideas; I do not think they will.

"I have in my desk an unfinished, untitled story. Some day, when the mood takes me and I am sufficiently defiant of criticism, I shall finish it. It was to have been the story of a cowardly boy, placed in a sequence of threatening circumstances, each one just within his present power to cope with, the result of the whole being the development of courage. When I began it I had not heard of 'The Red Badge of Courage,' and my reading this book brought my story to a stop. I had unconsciously taken Crane's theme, and took myself very seriously at the time.

"In the New York Sun of September 13th, 1896, is a story of mine called—by the editor—'When the Blind Saw.' It tells of a boy, blind from birth, who does not know his misfortune—who has been taught that every one is like himself. His optic nerves are jarred into life by a lightning stroke, and the story rests on his emotion in trying to explain the phantasmagoria filling his brain—which he does not know is sight. A week before this was published—two months after it was written—I was told of the classic, 'King Rene's Daughter.' On reading the beautiful poem I knew that I might be accused—justly—of plagiarism.

"My first attempt in literature was a long poem, which I called 'A Tale of a Halo.' When it was in press I learned that I had adopted the metre and some of the plots and ideas of the 'Ingoldsby Legends,' which I had never heard of.

"My first short story appeared in the Sunday Mercury. I called it 'The Captain's Story.' It was weak, crude—like all first efforts—not important enough to draw public attention. But private criticism was copious, and I learned that my motive—strong in itself—had been worked to death. Yet it was original with me.

"Mark Twain has enlarged thoroughly on the influence of mind upon mind, and claims that it explains a great deal of alleged literary theft—though he accounts in another way for the fact that his jumping-frog story is two thousand years old. Hall Caine boldly announces that he obtains his best situations from the Bible, in which book there is some excellent fiction. Rudyard Kipling claims the right to use an idea, no matter where he finds it. Intellectual giants like these men are privileged; they seldom spoil an idea. I have not reached their self-confidence. If ever I do I shall also hoist the black flag; meanwhile I must defend a false position, which I do by laying the whole thing to telepathy.

"I have not the slightest doubt that when I conceived the idea of depicting the life and development of a cowardly boy my mind was influenced by one, or several, sympathetic minds engaged in enthusing over Stephen Crane's 'Red Badge of Courage,' which had just appeared. The same in regard to my other work, where I appropriated ideas of writers long dead; I was influenced by the minds of others—minds in tune with my own, more widely informed and better disciplined.

"In regard to the three similar stories appearing in Harper's, Scribner's, and McClure's magazines last year, I do not know whether they were conceived and written at the same time or not. It does not matter—though it would be prettier reasoning if it could be said that they were. Any one of the three writers could receive the suggestion from one of the others and influence the mind of the third.

"One or two could be influenced by the sympathetic mind of a reader—editorial or not—of the first manuscript written, who was sufficiently impressed to transfer the thought to recipient minds unknown to him; or all three writers could have obtained the idea from some powerful suggesting mentality, acting at different times with different degrees of strength. The question leads up to the infinite, but what we know of it precludes the right of an author to say: 'This idea is mine; it is original with me.'

"There may be other stories of mine that have been written before, but I have confessed to all offenses that I am cognizant of. Yet there is one other instance, in which I sinned only in spirit, which is vital to this question. When a boy at sea, descending the futtock rigging from a slushing-down job aloft, my greasy hands slipped their hold and I fell backward, turned completely over, and brought up in the rigging below, with no damage to myself and none to the ship beyond the breaking through of a couple of ratlines. For this I was profanely rebuked by the first officer; but neither his abuse nor the ridicule of my shipmates availed to remove from my mind the horror of that fall. It lasted less than a half-second, and I fell but a few feet, yet in that short span of space and time I reviewed my whole life—incidents of my childhood, long forgotten, standing out with a distinctness in keeping with recent happenings; and added to this were wild, romantic roving—more or less consistent with my past—of my imagination, in which I passed into the future. Then came the shock and clutching of the shrouds for dear life until my nerve came back and I could descend.

"A short time ago I recalled this experience and decided to put it into a short story—which I surely had the right to do. When about to begin I read Ambrose Bierce's collection of horrors, which he calls 'Tales of Soldiers and Civilians.' One of the first stories in the book, written with analysis of thought and mastery of expression far beyond my powers, treats of the emotions of a man about to be hanged from a bridge by soldiers. The story tells of the terrible jerk of the rope, followed by its breaking, of his fall to the river beneath, sinking, breaking his bonds in his frantic struggles, swimming to the surface, and escaping volleys of bullets and grape-shot by diving and dodging. He reaches the bank, wanders in the woods, finds a road to his home, and is just answering his wife's welcome when consciousness ends in a crashing sound and blinding light. Then the reader is informed that his body swayed and whirled from the girder of the bridge.

"I do not know that Ambrose Bierce has ever been hanged—or half-hanged; but during the first moment of disappointment—when I relinquished my prospective story—I was guilty of a hope that he might be. MORGAN ROBERTSON."

San Francisco's Memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson.

SAN FRANCISCO has erected the first memorial monument on American soil to Robert Louis Stevenson. Once upon a time Stevenson lived in San Francisco for a few months, and in "The Wreckers" he expressed his fondness for the place, call

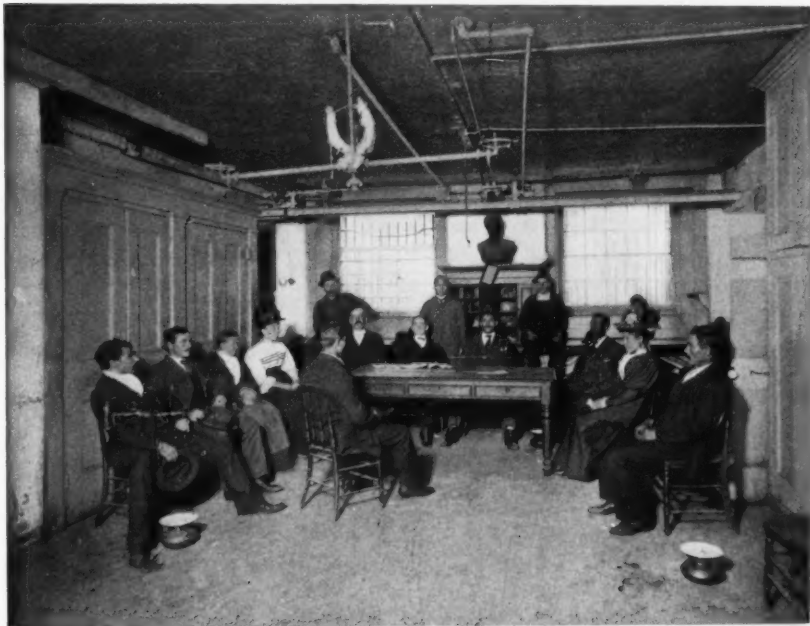


ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S MONUMENT.

ing it the most interesting city in the Union. He married his wife in the city of the Golden Gate. It is fitting, therefore, that San Francisco should be the first to remember him in a permanent way.

The memorial fountain consists of a massive rectangular base of granite ten feet high, surmounted by the bronze image of a Spanish galleon under full sail. The vessel, high in the waist, in the old style, and suggestive of Stevenson's fascinating sea stories, is plunging along through tossing waves in the open sea. The fountain is appropriately placed. It is not in a fashionable part of the town, but is located on the edge of the Latin and Chinese quarters, very near the unpretentious house where Stevenson lived in Bohemian style while San Francisco was his home. It is in Portsmouth Square, the oldest plaza in the city, full all day of loungers and outcasts. This square has known stirring days in the making of history. The American flag floated there for the first time in San Francisco, when the town was seized in the name of the United States. It was a favorite haunt of the author, who used to sit for hours on its benches and watch life stream past him.

The idea of the fountain originated with a little group of San Francisco artists. The cost of the monument was but fifteen hundred dollars. The money has been received mostly in small subscriptions from Stevenson-lovers all over the world. Bliss Carman wrote a poem for the fountain, but when it was decided to put only the words of Stevenson on the monument,



A Marriage in the City Hall.

In the new order which will begin the first of next January, when the greater New York law will go into effect, the room in the city hall which has been used a long time for civil marriages will be needed for something else, and already its old use has been discontinued, so that it may be fitted up and ready by the beginning of the year. This picture is of the last wedding in this room, which was known as No. 21. In this room something like a thousand weddings a year have taken place. The contracting parties are usually Italians or members of some other Latin race. The officer celebrating these marriages is generally an alderman, and the brides and the bridegrooms are very humble folk. Now and again some great foreign swell gets married at the city hall; but such persons usually go into the mayor's room and are married by his Honor himself. The last great wedding to take place there was when the late Duke of Marlborough was married to Mrs. Hamersley by Mayor Hewitt, who gallantly kissed the beautiful bride.

Carman sold the poem to a magazine and turned over the proceeds to the subscription. The poem, entitled "The Word of the Water," was read at the simple exercises which marked the delivery of the fountain to the city.

On the granite base are these words from Stevenson, containing his rule of life:

"To be honest; to be kind; to earn a little; to spend a little less; to make upon the whole a family happier by his presence; to renounce, when that shall be necessary, and not be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without cap'tulation; above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy."

Where the Cow-boy Sleeps.

A DARK, wet gash in the greening plain
The cow-boy's grave must be—
Unmarked, alone, 'neath sun and rain,
Afar from waving fields of grain.
Where restless winds blow free—
Away, away, o'er leagues of sod
Cloud-shadows play and wind flowers nod.
Not sweeter doth the sailor sleep
On ocean's farthest sands
Than the cow-boy 'neath the level sweep
Of the sea-like reach of grasses deep,
On the prairie's virgin lands—
In the dark, wet gash in the greening plain,
Afar from the fields of waving grain.
CHARLES MOREAU HARGER.

Is It Fair?

THE time of year is at hand when the public entertainer is abroad in the land, and one need not be dull if one is in the mood to be amused or instructed. There is almost no limit to the variety of entertainments offered those who are dwellers in large towns or in cities. Indeed, those whose time and money are alike limited often find themselves in the midst of an "embarrassment of riches," and find it difficult to make a choice when they have time to be entertained. It is therefore rather annoying, to put it mildly, to sometimes be almost compelled to pay a high price for tickets to something from which you are quite sure that you will receive neither amusement nor profit.

You may have been "saving up," in ways that many of us must "save up," to purchase tickets for just one night at the opera when Melba is to sing, or for an evening at the theatre when your favorite actor is to appear, or for a lecture on some theme in which you are particularly interested. Your plans are all made when the postman appears with a missive suggestive of an invitation to a society function of some sort, and you are elated accordingly. You clip off the end of the envelope and draw forth two, three, or perhaps four tickets, and a note or elegantly-printed circular announcing the fact that Mrs. E. Evelina Smythe will, "at the earnest solicitation of her many friends," give a course of lectures in the parlors of Mrs. B—, and you are requested to retain the inclosed tickets at one, two, or three dollars each.

Or it may be that Mrs. E. Evelina Smythe announces readings and recitations from her own "works," which are more remarkable for their mediocrity than for anything else. You are quite confident that it will be impossible for E. Evelina Smythe to interest you in anything she may have to say, and that your knowledge of the subjects on which she is to lecture is quite equal to her own.

It will bore you to hear her read from her own "works," and if you purchase the tickets you will have the annoying conviction that you have done so simply because you have not the moral force to send them back to Mrs. E. Evelina Smythe, or to some friend of hers who has asked you to buy the tickets. It may be that you are under some obligation to this friend, or there is some other reason why you, with combined sadness and indignation, take the money you have been hoarding for real enjoyment and forward it for tickets that are absolutely value-

less to you. You are in full sympathy with a lady who said, recently, to a number of other ladies at a luncheon:

"I am so sick and tired of this kind of polite begging. That is what it is. One of these women who had been 'earnestly solicited' by many friends and admirers to give a course of readings from her own 'works' set afloat a scandalous report about me because I refused to let her have my parlors for her performances. There is scarcely a day, in the height of the amusement season, that I am not solicited to buy tickets for parlor lectures or readings by some one in whom I have not the least interest. I am urged to purchase tickets for readings from their own 'works' by authors of whom I have never heard, and whose contributions to literature are of no value whatever. And the price one must pay for these tickets is the same one would pay to hear lecturers or readers of the highest reputation. I regard the whole thing as a kind of polite begging, and I wonder how any self-respecting man or woman can engage in it."

This may seem like an unkind and even unjust and severe arraignment of the small army of parlor readers and lecturers abroad in the land, but the fact remains that they ask money without giving a fair equivalent in return for it. What they have to say is valueless, and the admitted fact that they "must

live somehow" is not sufficient excuse for them. Some of them are not needy, and personal vanity or an unrestrained greed for notoriety is at the bottom of their desire to enter the lecture field. Whatever the impelling motive may be, it is not fair, it is not honest, to ask people to give time and money for that which is of no real value to them. There are avenues of honest labor open to many men and women now gaining a precarious livelihood by extracting money from their friends in ways not quite fair and honest.

From Macmonnies to Miranda.



MACMONNIES'S "BACCHANTE."

IT has been finally decided, we believe, that the court-yard of the Boston Public Library is to have in its centre Mr. Miranda's "Spirit of Research" instead of the rejected but beautiful "Bacchante" of Mr. Frederick Macmonnies. We publish herewith the two things, so that our readers may see what kind of art the good people in Boston prefer. There may be clever bits here and there in Mr. Miranda's modeling, but these things are only clever, while Mr. Macmonnies's work is great. How any one can see aught in the "Bacchante" that is immoral or dangerous passes our comprehension; surely, however, "The Spirit of Research" is suggestive—suggestive in its pose and in its drapery. But we trust the blue-stockings and other old women of Boston will now be thoroughly happy. We notice, by the way, that some New York women have petitioned the Metropolitan Museum of Art, to which Mr. McKim has given the "Bacchante," not to accept it. It is quite impossible, however, that the officers of this institution will pay heed to such a preposterous suggestion.



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ON REVIEW



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CROSSING A PONTOON BRIDGE.



A CHARGE OF CAVALRY.

FIELD MANŒUVRES OF THE BELGIAN ARMY.

Among the great European armies, that of Belgium does not take a front rank, but it is an effective force, considering its numbers. Including the militia, the army is two hundred thousand strong. Compared with Germany on one side and France on the other, this is not very considerable. The Belgians are naturally apprehensive that their country may again be the fighting ground for a great European struggle, and naturally they do not relish the idea. They have fortified their frontiers and they keep their army in constant practice, but if Fate decree that another Waterloo shall be fought in Belgium, the Belgians will hardly be consulted in the matter.

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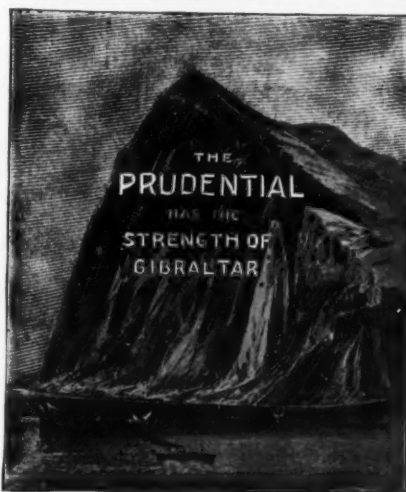
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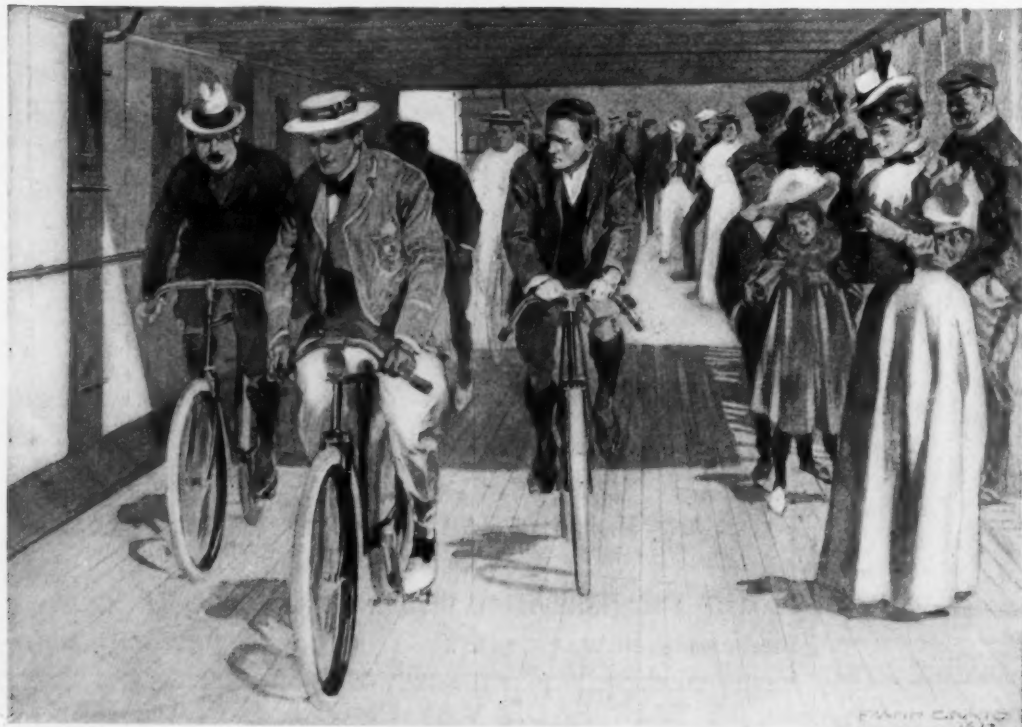
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everywhere for door-casings, inlaid floors, sub-bases, and dados, and, wherever appropriate, superb chimneys-pieces find place. The eye of the most careless person is caught involuntarily by the exceedingly great beauty, the artistic loveliness, on every hand. In a recessed end of the vestibule, finished entirely in pink Tennessee marble, stands Louis Macmonnies's bronze statue of Sir Henry Vane. All the detail of floors and ceiling deserves attention, and the refined ornament of the doorways, copied

mainly from the Erechtheum at Athens, will especially attract it.

The Walhalla-like character is accentuated as you ascend the grand staircase, all glowing with the translucent, softly blending yellows of Sienna marble, by Augustus St. Gaudens's majestic lions couchants, which guard the broad landing half-way up, and are dedicated to the memory of the officers and men of the Second and Twentieth Regiments of Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry. The ascent continues in a double flight of stairs turning to both right and left, and in the corridor above, facing you, seen through the arches of Sienna marble, is Puvion de Chavannes's great mural painting.

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Puvion de Chavannes's mural painting as seen from the staircase below.

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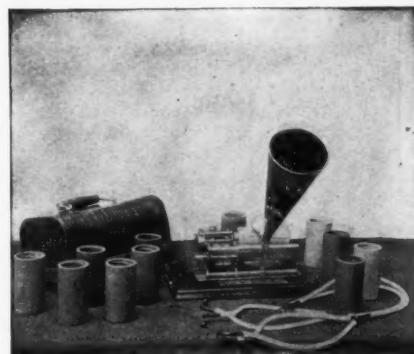
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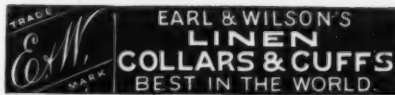
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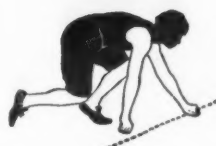
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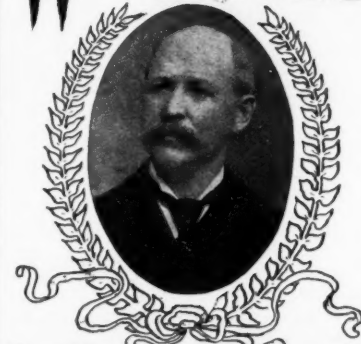


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